20c NOVEMBER 19, 1951

Sham Battle for Peace—page 5

New Republic

HOMECOMING — KAW VALLEY 1951

Benton

Thomas Hart Benton:

DISASTER ON THE KAW

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Letters

Civil Liberties in Puerto Rico

● Ruth M. Reynolds, an American citizen, native of South Dakota, was recently convicted in Puerto Rico under Insular Law No. 53, the counterpart of the Smith Act here on the mainland, and sentenced to two to six years at hard labor. She had spent several years in Puerto Rico to gather material for a book, and, as a passionate believer in Puerto Rican independence, at times associated with the Nationalist Party people. She, however, denies membership in the Party and declares that she cannot condone or endorse violence on the part of any movement or cause.

The basis for her conviction on the charge of advocating the overthrow of the Puerto Rican Government was the flimsy allegation that in December, 1949, she was one of several hundred persons at a meeting, to whom an oath to support the Nationalist Party was read, and who rose in token of agreement. Miss Reynolds denies that she took the oath, pointing out that she is not a Puerto Rican. No one else at the meeting, not even the person who read the oath, has ever been indicted on this ground, and no evidence whatever was introduced by the prosecution to establish any connection between Miss Reynolds' attendance at this meeting in Arecibo in December, 1949, and the revolt in San Juan in November, 1950, in connection with which Miss Reynolds was arrested. Nor was there any evidence that she had any part in the revolt except as a spectator.

Space does not permit further details regarding the many serious civil liberties aspects of this case. They can be obtained from Julius Eichel, Treasurer, Ruth Reynolds Defense Committee, 769 St. Marks Avenue, Brooklyn 13, New York City. The Committee, largely composed of persons who knew Ruth Reynolds when she was engaged in anti-imperialist and pacifist activity in the United States, is desperately in need of several thousand dollars to pay the cost of her recent defense, at which she was ably represented by Conrad J. Lynn of New York City, and of an appeal. Hastening the appeal is the more urgent since bail is set at the outrageous figure of $25,000 and very likely cannot be raised. The Committee is solely concerned with the defense of this one case. . . .

A. J. MUSTE
Secretary, the Fellowship of Reconciliation
New York City

Modern Poetry

● The original complaint against "modern poetry" in the *New Republic's* "Letters" section has not been answered by exponents of the poetry under attack—due not to lack of such exponents or lack of readers but due, perhaps, to lack of desire to enter the fray in such a forum. For I have noted with interest corresponding attacks on "modern art" in other open forums which were entered into with prejudice and which were incapable of being reasoned with. I have noted also in this case that those who wish to attack "modern poetry" have been ready to join the chorus.

Explanations, explications, and open-minded discussion are surely helpful to us all. I am not trying to "defend" this form of poetry. Poetry does not need defense, if it be poetry. However, the question whether it is poetry cannot be based alone upon its form or formlessness. And its "elevation" or "sublimity" does not depend, as was suggested, upon the form but upon bringing man into his universe, upon touching the infinite with the finite.

This does not necessarily mean that a poet with a pervading melancholy or realization of the sad state of affairs in the world today is incapable of recording his emotions on a sublime level even in the "free verse" form. He may shock us with emotions in poems seemingly as formless as the world he thinks he sees. He may portray April as the cruel month, as does T. S. Eliot in *The Wasteland*, as a distinct shock over, for instance, Chaucer's happier view of "Aprille with his shoures soote," and yet may give us true poetry. . . .

S. Beryl Lush errs in assuming that free verse, which he calls blank verse, comes from the "lazy drowsiness of a possibly great poet." Whatever else may be said, it is not drowsiness. When readers and critics find poetry they don't understand, or that seems no poetry at all, it seems the easiest thing to say, as it was said of Homer, that the poet "nods" in drowsiness. But perhaps the poet does not nod. Perhaps the reader has not had the same set of experiences—the same psychological "apperceptive mass"—with which to understand the poet's communication. At any rate, the attempt to communicate is being made with every power at the poet's command.

If he fails? I can only say to myself concerning modern poets, "Screw your courage to the sticking point and we'll not fail." In other words, I shall understand him if I make the same mental effort which he has made.

There is much more that could be said, were there space for it, on the fact that modern poetry actually does have imagery and symbolism crowding so fast within it that that is its most difficult part, or on the fact that modern poetry actually does have a rhythm of its own, as I learned once from reading Kenneth Fearing's "Dirge" in a dramatic-interpretation class.

Naturally, obscurity and irregular form may be hiding nothing truly poetic, just as the most regular rhyme and rhythm may be singing nothing truly poetic. Is it worth the effort to find out—to be able to discern? For some of us, it is. For others it seems not to be, just as, for some, it is not worth the effort to read Shakespeare's *Lear* or *Hamlet*. I am still making the effort on modern poetry. When I fail, I do not rush to write a letter to the editor denouncing my failure.

Camp Polk, La. PFC. DELMAR C. HOMAN

The Trenton Two

● Our thanks to Bruce Bliven for recalling attention to the tragic unfinished business in Trenton in his article, "27 Who Believed in Justice" (*NR*, Oct. 22). It has been too easy to forget that the jury, which last June acquitted four of the defendants in the Trenton Six case, con-

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

Nothing to Fear But the Atom

Senator Moody (D, Mich.) said here Tuesday night that "Russia has enough atom bombs to make a mess of 25 to 30 of our cities. But this country faces nothing that is not well within our ability to handle." – *UP dispatch from Flint, Mich.*

The Practically Peerless Leader

MacArthur is a great general, a great administrator, a brilliant man, a man able to get tough jobs done, a man of great vision, a colorful man, but most important of all MacArthur is a man that God can work with. – *From a letter to the New York* World-Telegram and Sun.

So You're Really Better Off

We offer this lease for $5,250. The drilling well should be completed in about three weeks. If it is dry, or a small producer, you can abandon the lease and take a 1951 tax loss. – *From an advertisement in the Los Angeles* Times.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

IT IS HARD to read "A Foreign Policy For Americans" by Taft without feeling that the man is a menace. The book is coolly nationalistic. It omits most of the great imponderables that move men. Shining through all its careful qualifications is the anachronistic belief that America can still have "peace and security" while much of the rest of the world goes hang. The author of this book, Bob Taft, may win the GOP nomination. Scandals in the Truman Administration (that have nothing to do with foreign affairs) might even make Taft President. Such an event would mark a sorry day for America and the world.

There is always an element of tragedy in seeing a national hero turning into a partisan leader. First he is up on a pedestal, beloved by all alike; then he is down in politics, the leader of one faction. Warrior Eisenhower is now turning into Politician Ike before our eyes, and, despite his own honorable restraint, he is being dragged into the fray before his uniform is off.

Ike's final press conference before he flew off for Paris convinced this writer, and every other political correspondent with whom we talked afterwards, that the General is now a receptive candidate. We had not seen Ike, up close, since the war days in London. He seems hardly any older in appearance than we remember him then, and he is the same attractive, pink-cheeked, inspiring figure. Yes, we like Ike. We noted again the light-blue bulgy eyes without any perceptible eyelashes, the fluffy eyebrows, balding head, deceptively mild, mobile face, and the big mouth which stretches right across his head in a sudden laugh. An able and disarming figure, surely!

This column has previously recorded the belief that Eisenhower is a Republican, that he is well to the right of the New Deal on social legislation, but that he is, simultaneously, stoutly against Taft on international matters. New York *Times* columnist Arthur Krock published a startling story the day after Ike left here asserting that Truman had asked Ike to accept the Democratic Presidential nomination. It is true that Truman could almost certainly give Ike the nomination if Ike would agree, and this would probably assure his election. The story said Ike would not, however, agree; he was a Republican and didn't like Truman's opposition to the "Taft-Hartley Act" among other things. That was Krock's story.

Arthur Krock, on Nov. 13, 1938, published a story attributing to Harry Hopkins the intention to "tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect." Hopkins repeatedly denied the embarrassing charge, and Krock never gave his source. Again on July 25, 1944, in the heat of the Presidential campaign, Krock attributed to Roosevelt the famous direction to Democratic chairman Hannegan to "clear everything with Sidney [Hillman]"—the CIO-PAC head. Again this was denied and the source not revealed. It came at a time to cause maximum embarrassment to FDR.

Truman denies the latest Krock story with a startled bewilderment that carries conviction to some of his friends. Others are less certain. But in one sense the accuracy or inaccuracy of the particular Krock story is unimportant. It does dramatize the basic ambiguity of Ike's position and booby-traps him with its inferences. It alienates independent liberals with the discovery (probably inevitable anyway) that Ike is not a flaming New Dealer. It alienates hard-shell Republicans with the suggestion that Truman thought Ike a proper White House replacement. The story may not be a Taft "plant," but it operates that way. Down to date, Taft forces have played circles around Ike's forces.

Some Republican independents are looking hopefully to Governor Earl

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Warren as a possible liberal alternative to a General or an isolationist as candidate.

Korean truce talks drag along with just enough progress from step to step to give the feeling that the Chinese Communists are about equally torn between a reluctance to resume hostilities and a reluctance to admit defeat by signing an agreement. Over in Paris, meanwhile, the Big-Three's disarmament proposal makes good "peace propaganda" for our side but never entered the realm of practical reality so far as Soviet acceptance was concerned. No sophisticated person really believes a single proposal will cut the deadly armament race spiral. Nobody knows if it can be cut. But if it is, it will be by a slow process of gradually relaxed tensions.

In last week's municipal elections, ADA leader Joseph Clark gave Democrats the first victory in Philadelphia in 68 years, while the New York Rudolph Halley captured the City Council presidency backed by the Liberal Party against Tammany, with the GOP in third place. Even the White House is now beginning to see the big oncoming voter revolt against loose political morals. It is rather funny to see the efforts of Chairman Cecil King (D, Cal.) of the special House committee probing tax scandals to shut off his own investigation, which has got quite beyond him. There is a lot more dirt to be uncovered—enough possibly to beat Truman. Truman's difficulty, we have finally decided, is in not having an Eleanor Roosevelt to scout the country for him and come back to tell him what it is thinking. There seems nobody in the mediocre group around Truman sensitive enough to tell him what is going on.

Notes: It now looks as though Churchill would go directly to Moscow if he cannot persuade Truman to join a face-to-face conference; this visit won't come, probably, until after a Churchill trip to the USA. . . . Harvard Professor Maass in his book *Muddy Waters* shows how the Army Engineers (215 officers) play politics with pork-barrel Congressmen against the national interest.

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

demned Ralph Cooper and Collis English to life imprisonment, although all of the prosecution's evidence referred to a conspiracy involving the six men.

Three organizations have joined in the Joint Committee to Free the Trenton Two. All three are determined that these men's liberties shall not be sacrificed. At present they face dreary lives in a prison cell because of the racial animosity which resulted in a wholly unjust charge of murder against six Negroes three and a half years ago.

The Legal Defense and Educational Fund of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People provided defense for two of the six in the recent trial; the Princeton Committee for Defense of the Trenton Six defended three others; the sixth man was defended by court-appointed counsel. (Mr. Bliven's article refers to Bishop Francis J. McConnell and Dr. Allan Knight Chalmers as co-chairman and co-treasurer respectively of the Princeton Committee; Bishop McConnell and Dr. Chalmers are not associated with the Princeton Committee, but represented the "Committee of 100" and the NAACP in a joint action with the Princeton group.) Now the NAACP and the Princeton Committee are joined by the American Civil Liberties Union. Mercer Burrell, Arthur Garfield Hays and George Pellettieri have been named as counsel. All three organizations have assumed responsibility to see that justice is done in the case of Ralph Cooper and Collis English. Jointly they are pledged to raise the considerable funds required to sponsor the appeal on behalf of these two men to the Supreme Court of New Jersey, if necessary to the Supreme Court of the United States. Printing of the trial record alone—the longest in New Jersey's history—will cost more than $20,000. Justice costs money. The Joint Committee asks help in meeting these expenses.

Contributions may be sent to the treasurer, Canon Robert D. Smith, at 20 West Fortieth Street, New York City 18, N. Y.

THE JOINT COMMITTEE TO FREE THE TRENTON TWO: The American Civil Liberties Union; NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc.; Princeton Committee for Defense of the Trenton Six.

New York City

● I should like to say that Mr. Bruce Bliven's article on the cases of the Trenton Six was a masterful presentation of an important problem in our society.

I wish I could do more at the present time than this contribution. Perhaps you will suggest another contribution later if you need more support.

Pontiac, Mich. L. W. DERR

● I am enclosing a check to be used by the Committee in their fight to free the two men remaining in jail as a result of the Trenton trial of six.

I have read many heroic stories of personal sacrifice on the part of individuals or groups, but nothing has stirred me quite as much as the story of the men in Princeton who gave so much for six individuals who may not realize how much was involved in order to give them back their lives and freedom.

The story of the men of Princeton who united in this great effort will soon, I am afraid, be forgotten, but their victory will be written in the records so that others, we hope, may benefit. . . .

Philadelphia, Pa. MABEL SCANLAN

● I have just read "27 Who Believe in Justice" in the *New Republic*, and herewith enclose my contribution to help free "the other two."

The stupidity, intolerance, hatred and injustice that very large numbers of Americans exhibit all too frequently appall me, and I think there must be something fundamentally wrong or lacking in our whole system of education, both secular and religious.

San Juan Island, Wash. F. R. SCOTT

● I read with deep interest the article (*NR*, Oct. 22) about the work of the Joint Committee to Free the Trenton Two. Such unselfish, practical interest, such courage and persistence are rare. They are an inspiration and a challenge. Because I want a little share in what you are doing, I send the enclosed check.

(MISS) MABEL G. PARKER

Colorado Springs, Colo.

The *New Republic* also acknowledges additional contributions for the Trenton Two as follows:

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SHAM BATTLE FOR PEACE

A GREAT DEAL has already been written and said about the Administration's disarmament plan, but it remains a puzzle why it was never put forward. Leaving aside the President's feeble, half-heartedly uttered speech, the plan itself is a lame creature. The press, usually solemn and self-congratulatory in reporting such proposals, baldly labeled these as propaganda to "throw the Russians on the defensive"; foreign diplomats have remained decorously but significantly silent; as for the Russians—though the irritable Mr. Vishinsky as usual missed the point—the suggestion to conduct an arms census must seem to them as persuasive as Snout in the role of wall and cranny.

It is not helpful to ascribe the plan to a kind of clumsy guile. If it is to be taken seriously, what is more to the point is that apparently neither the State Department nor the President has learned much from the long, fruitless negotiations over the so-called Baruch plan, much less come to realize that this plan today is as appropriate, roughly speaking, as the Edict of Nantes.

Like the Baruch plan, the proposed arms plan is an attempt to reconcile fundamental political differences by a peripheral, technical device; like the Baruch plan it is to devolve in "stages" and is predicated on a bargaining power we do not possess.

It is surely the height of political illiteracy to set arms limitation apart from the major issue dividing the world. The three-power note acknowledges this fact. The justification for rearmament is that our interests are threatened in many sectors of the globe, that we are menaced by opposing Soviet interests and intentions. Because the Russians are strong, we have set about to make ourselves stronger. Our motto, it may be said, is "Don't tread on me." Some indication now that the major powers are seriously trying to reach an agreement to resolve their conflicts without resort to war would give all people new reason for hope. Yet the hope for achieving disarmament can hardly be soundly based while the extreme political tensions which led to rearmament remain. These tensions arise from urgent and unsettled questions. Difficult and disagreeable though these questions are, unless we are prepared to re-examine them with the Russians, our offer at arms limitation is meaningless.

We must be prepared, simultaneously, to discuss arms limitation and political issues. If the three-power plan reflects our intention, we shall certainly not be prepared. The arms census as proffered is a foolish idea, and the principle of running it off in stages, worse than foolish. We have sunk to a pitiful state, indeed, when we pass off as American foreign policy spurious proposals borrowed from the Russians. In August, 1946, the Soviet representative in the Security Council proposed an arms census, more restricted and somewhat different from the three-power plan but essentially neither worse nor better. It was promptly, and properly, rejected. There followed a long series of debates and counter proposals in which the census was gradually enlarged to its present dimensions, the Russians finally suggesting an inventory of all armaments, including atom bombs. Nothing came of these discussions; none of the offers were taken too seriously, either by those who made them or by those to whom they were made. Under existing circumstances, the census proposal was recognized as no more than a propaganda stick with which to beat the opponent.

The insistence on executing the census in stages is an American contribution. It will be remembered that this principle was one of the major hindrances to progress in the control of atomic energy. Politically unfeasible from the start, it became an anachronism when our bomb monopoly was broken. The essence of the principle was progressive disclosure of increasingly vital segments of information as the Russians gave evidence of being trustworthy. After the Russians exploded their first bomb, it should have been plain they already had the information they needed. For this, if not for other good reasons, "stages" should have been discarded. Evidently this was too painful. Instead, we behave like a demented mother who rocks in her arms the infant that is dead and buried.

The stages principle, it is clear, is even less suited to a general inventory of arms than to the control of atomic energy. It is inconceivable that agreement could be reached on the order of disclosure of information. The strategic plans of the Western Powers and of the Soviet Union are not congruent, nor are the data pertaining to various military and industrial matters in the US and the USSR of equivalent strategic value merely because they describe similar activities. We have few industrial

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"secrets," and our stockpile of bombs is now so large that we may not be altogether reluctant to disclose it. On the other hand, one of Russia's greatest defensive assets is the lack of precise knowledge in the West of the Soviet industry's capacity and geographical distribution. Obviously it is hopeless, far more hopeless than to reach agreement on an inspection system, to expect the Russians to accede to the principle of reciprocal disclosure by stages. We are not strong enough to force it, nor they so weak as to be compelled to accept it.

What the three powers have done is to make another grandiose offer, seemingly certain that the Russians would regard it as ridiculous, vaguely hoping that the average man would not. It is prudent to doubt that this hope will be fulfilled. Vishinsky denounced the three-power plan as hypocrisy. "If the truth is to be reported," wrote Mr. Reston, the diplomatic correspondent of the New York *Times*, "there are a lot of people around here [Washington] who believe there is some justification for the charge."

Is there any rational basis for the Administration's expectation that it can counter the effects of bogus Russian "peace offensives" by advancing disingenuous proposals of its own?

Many issues divide the Western world and Russia, but the terrible fear of another war, the common heartfelt yearning for peace are ties still unbroken, ties which must remain unbroken and be strengthened. We have better things to do, if we are to stave off catastrophe, than to try to fool those who have not already been fooled by the Russians. We are engaged in the heavy task of rearming; there is an unlimited opportunity to further the cause of peace by giving economic aid to other countries. In addition, the duty lies upon us of making serious and constructive proposals for settlement of political issues, arms limitation and atomic-energy control. What is long overdue, what the President and the State Department keep promising us but fail to produce, is a fresh basis for discussions of arms control. An article, which was published some time ago, in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* stated the issue pointedly:

> What has so far seemed utterly wrong in our attitude has been our rigid insistence on a plan which has no chance of being accepted and our unwillingness to see what could be made of the Soviet Union's ineradicable prejudices. We have tamely resigned ourselves to the view that if the Russians are like that then nothing can be done. We have treated the Baruch plan as a watertight system, which can be forced on the Russians and then made to work whatever their reluctance. We have hoped smugly for a Russian "change of heart." All this is quite unrealistic, and as a policy it will not do.

There is work to be done. We have got off to a wretched start if we hope to accomplish anything at this meeting of the UN Assembly. Everything that can be done in justice and honor to facilitate the resumption of negotiations with the Russians should be tried. If Mr. Churchill can arrange a four-power meeting, it should be arranged; if progress can be made within the UN itself, so much the better. In the field of arms control there are a number of approaches deserving consideration. One must take thought to the inspection system—as to which the Soviets have not been as adamant as we have made it appear. A careful examination should be made of the possibility of standby agreements respecting existing stockpiles. It is nonsense to say, as the President did, that a census of arms is a prerequisite to fixing quotas for arms production in the future.

Both Truman and Acheson spoke of not entering into an armaments-limitation program unless it was "foolproof." This, too, is propaganda, not statesmanship. There are no foolproof systems, nor unbreakable promises, even our own. The plan we can and should accept is one which lessens the chance of war, whose acceptance contributes more to the national interest than its rejection. Such a plan will hold risks. We shall have to take them. At any rate, they are likely to be smaller than those entailed in rigid adherence to our present course. To pretend otherwise is to foist a cruel hoax upon the American people. It is difficult to imagine a time and condition less appropriate for hoaxes.

THE WEEK

REFORM IN BOSTON

BOSTON (NR corresp.)

Boston has given a reform-bent group called the New Boston Committee a decisive vote of confidence. Five of the nine NBC-endorsed candidates secured seats on the nine-man City Council on Nov. 6, and four of the five new School Committeemen elected were backed by the NBC. The organization did not officially endorse a candidate for mayor, since the race between incumbent John B. Hynes and James Michael Curley was neither close nor particularly hard-fought.

Sparked by political amateurs, the Committee has become a major Hub

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force in its first big test. Slandered and ridiculed by its opponents, bitterly lashed at by unendorsed candidates, the NBC stuck to its ideals of civic betterment and made them appealing to the voters.

Outstanding about the NBC is the youth of its members. Few are over 25. Its founder, a Harvard Law School graduate and former secretary to Mayor John B. Hynes, now assistant corporation counsel for the City of Boston, is only 24. With 3,000 members from all wards of the city, and a governing council of 250, the New Boston Committee has not disbanded in the wake of the elections. Subcommittees now are studying programs for civic betterment in housing, social services, municipal planning, education and other fields. The NBC's goal is to expand its membership to 25,000 and become a permanent institution that will pack a powerful political punch.

CIO AND INFLATION

NEW YORK CITY (NR corresp.)

The real drama of the 13th annual CIO convention was furnished by a stream of Mobilization officials across the speaker's platform, urging President Philip Murray and his Steelworkers to modify their demands for wages and other benefits in the interest of the anti-inflation program.

Economic Stabilizer Eric Johnston tried to charm the delegates. Defense Production Administrator Manly Fleischmann spoke brittle words about the need for expanded, all-out production. Roly-poly Price Administrator Michael DiSalle, determined to be heard over a boisterous banquet, insisted that the price-control program was working. And Nathan Feinsinger, Wage Stabilizer, detailed the boundaries of his Wage Stabilization Board program. It all added up to a rather good effort.

But President Murray had an answer. Of course, the CIO was deeply concerned about the inflationary spiral and the position of the US during this period of cold war, he emphasized. Then, in slow, deliberate and modulated tones which often, with him, cover a deep anger, Murray told the 800 delegates: "The CIO doesn't like this system of wage regulation; the CIO is in perfect disagreement with our federal agencies about price stabilization; the CIO believes, and honestly believes, in the innermost recesses of its heart, that if wages are going to be controlled, prices and profits should be controlled. We don't think that is an outrageous proposition."

Whether this will prove to be a call for trade-union militancy which will, in effect, scrap the Administration's anti-inflation program, or whether the convention was only being used as a soap box to counter the efforts of business and industry publications to place full responsibility for the inflationary spiral in labor's lap, will become clear when the Steelworkers reveal their new contract demands.

The speculation that Murray would retire next year did not receive much attention from the delegates, but prior to the convention the UAW Executive Board in closed session adopted an unpublicized resolution which they submitted to Murray. It could not accept the selection of Jacob Potofsky, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, as a successor to Murray, the Board stated. It was no reflection on the esteemed ACWA leader, the UAW Board members said, but they did not feel that a clothing union could cope with the special problems of heavy industry.

One top CIO official informed his staff: "Mr. Murray has now decided to stay in the job until he dies."

UPRISING IN NEW YORK

Rudolph Halley's election as President of the City Council of New York is another chapter in the decline of the big-city machines.

Of Halley's 657,000 votes, 581,000 were cast on the Liberal Party line, thereby ranking the Liberal Party as a major organization in New York City. Sharkey's 493,000 votes put the Democratic Party at an all-time low with one exception—1919. The 435,000 votes given to GOP Henry Latham almost dropped the Democratic Party to third place.

Halley's organizational backing came first from the Liberal Party with its dozens of permanent clubs around the city. The Americans for Democratic Action, the independent Democrats clustered around Bob Blaikie, the independent Republicans around Newbold Morris, and the unions in the Liberal Party orbit gave additional support. But Halley's margin of victory came from just plain people who are fed up with old-fashioned corruption.

Although, in the first flush, it appears that the voters have lined up behind a new hero, it was clear in this election that the people were voting for an idea and not to exalt a man. Although FDR Jr. was the "hero" of 1949, his endorsement was no help to Sharkey this year: Halley won the district three to one. Although "Impy" was last year's hero, *his* endorsement gained Sharkey no votes. Although Rep. Jacob Javits is top man in New York's Washington Heights, his endorsement of Latham was no help. The people were not playing "follow the leader."

Halley's election upset more than Tammany; it upset some time-honored political clichés.

1. "A small registration is good for the machine." New York City had its lowest registration since 1943. It was the machine that was unable to produce. The independents voted.

2. "The machine vote is a hard core"—publicly estimated to be 750,000 for the Democratic Party in New York. The actual machine vote was around 300,000 for the Democrats.

3. "You must fuse with a major party (the Republican Party) to lick Tammany." This year there was no such fusion. Indeed, there was a backdoor deal between the Republican and Democratic bosses to "get Halley." A good issue with a good campaigner was the only *sine qua non* of victory.

Some of the local Democratic leaders have announced that in the future they intend to run candidates who have publicly fought crime and corruption. Not everybody in the machine has learned the lesson. One Tammany hack attributed the Party's defeat to the fact that it is hard for the Party workers and ward heelers to get past the doormen in the new apartment houses.

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Outside America

THE US AND THE VATICAN

Naturally, the Vatican was pleased by President Truman's attempt to appoint an ambassador to the "State of Vatican City," an attempt that is now held in abeyance. It is nearly two years since Myron C. Taylor ended his nine years of service as "personal representative" of the President of the United States to the Sovereign Pope of the Roman Catholic Church; and the long delay in naming a successor played a part in weakening the strong ties established during the war between Franklin D. Roosevelt and Pope Pius XII. (See "The Vatican's Feud with America," *NR*, March 26.)

It is, moreover, nearly a century since formal diplomatic relations existed between a government in Washington and a temporal power at the Holy See. At that time, a relatively minor official of an American state which played a distinctly minor part in the power relations of the world occupied an appropriately modest place at the Court of the Pope who was also King of a large part of Italy. Now, an America which has become the most powerful state on earth is (if the President's decision is eventually confirmed) to send a full-fledged Ambassador to a sovereign temporal state which is a tiny enclave within the territory of an Italian Republic.

The resumption of formal diplomatic relations between governments in Washington and in Vatican City has long been a major goal of the Holy See, and the authorities at the Cortile San Damaso were understandably gratified by President Truman's first announcement. It would not be accurate, however, to say that they were surprised. In recent months there have been comings and goings between the two cities, notably a trip by Monsignor Montini, who acts as the Pope's Secretary of State. A "planted leak" on the occasion of the visit of Rep. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. to Rome made it plain that a Presidential decision had been reached. The publication by *Life* of a profile of the Pope, written by Graham Greene, pointed in the same direction.

The Vatican would not have objected to the device of a recess appointment; it is realistic about political matters. In addition, since the Holy See is concerned as always with the long term—"the ages"—it is the precedent to have the post filled that is more important than the identity of the first man named to fill it.

Otherwise, there might have been more open expression of the chagrin (which was felt) about the choice of Gen. Mark Clark, and about official comments which suggest that, from the official American point of view, Vatican City is comparable on the one hand with wartime Vichy and on the other hand with Cold Wartime Moscow. Rep. FDR Jr., who was not exactly an innocent bystander in the deal which preceded the attempted appointment, said it would be of "tremendous value in our fight against Communist Russia." The Vatican, he explained, has "many men behind the Iron Curtain" and the information they furnish will "broaden the base of our intelligence."

That is precisely the justification offered early in the war for America's formal recognition of Marshal Petain's Vichy regime. And General Clark said, "If I go, I will go as a military man in much the same status as Gen. Walter Bedell Smith when he went to Moscow." But even more serious is the implication of the statement by White House spokesman Joseph Short: "It is well known that the Vatican is vigorously in the struggle against Communism. Direct diplomatic relations will assist in co-ordinating the effort to combat the Communist menace."

No one of these three statements, the first and, indeed, the only ones published in Rome and throughout Europe immediately after the announcement of the President's action, mentioned the *moral* aspect of the "crusade" against Communism. The impression was created that the Holy See was to become a party to the American policy of *military* containment and of the creation of *military* "positions of strength" against the aggressive spread of Soviet Communism.

However much the Vatican may like having an American Ambassador, it could not have welcomed the idea of having a soldier—as such—and under such circumstances as to suggest the oblique entrance of the State of Vatican City into the NATO organization. For, in modern war, the kind of intelligence to which young Roosevelt referred can be worth divisions of troops; and the impression created is that Truman disagrees with Stalin as to whether the Pope has the equivalent of military divisions.

General Clark is the "liberator of Rome" in the sense that he was the over-all commander of the troops which freed the city; but he was also the commander of the troops that suicidally crossed the Rapido and of the troops that bombarded and bombed the Abbey of Cassino. Above all, however, he is "a military man"; and the essence of the Vatican's crusade against Communism—up to now—has been not only non-military but specifically moral.

Moreover, from the general Western European point of view, the issue is not the domestic factors within the United States. Although General Clark is not exactly popular with many veterans, especially in Texas and Oklahoma, his role as a top general may give him authority in terms of public opinion. Obviously, the effect of the appointment might be good in terms of Italian-American voters, perhaps of many Catholic voters. But, in Italy and among those European peoples which are predominantly Catholic, the effect would be bound to be much less good. For it would tend to confirm the widespread impression that the invocation of morality and peace by American statesmen is purely verbal and opportunistic.

Quite possibly, co-ordination of military preparedness to face possible Communist aggression and of the "moral crusade" against the principles of Communism can serve a sound purpose. But, from the European point of view, the confusion of the two, and especially the fusing of both into "the diplomacy of soldier," cannot.

Paris PERCY WINNER

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DISASTER ON THE KAW

by Thomas Hart Benton

THE LITHOGRAPH, which appears on the cover, (Homecoming, Kaw Valley —1951) was made in a special edition for the members of Congress of the United States. It was sent to them October 13, 1951, on the eve of the Senate's review of the flood rehabilitation bill which was passed earlier by the House of Representatives. Its purpose, conceived under the illusion that the Senate might reconsider the House bill, was to add a certain graphic straw's weight to the arguments of those Senators who, I believed, were already determined to fight for such a reconsideration. It failed to have effect. Too few Senators were willing to put up the kind of a fight which would set the scales of Senatorial opinion where a picture might be useful in any close balancing of votes.

The failure of a picture to move or influence people is, in itself, of no consequence. The failure, however, of this particular Congressionally directed Kaw Valley lithograph, with its specific representational meaning, is of very large consequence to thousands of people. To understand why this is so it will be necessary to glance briefly back at what happened in the Kaw River Valley last July and then at what happened later in the halls of Congress.

During June and July the Kaw River Basin was subjected, it will be remembered, to week after week of extraordinarily heavy rain. Up-river farmers and their crops suffered from this but as too much, or too little, rain is a common hazard of the farming business, no great concern was manifested in the towns and cities along the Kaw's course. Newspapers noted conditions on their back pages but without exciting alarm except possibly among those operatives in the grain and implement businesses who had stakes in farm success. However, when the rain had slapped down the crops and had soaked the land beyond further absorption and the run-off began, the urban folks along the Kaw River came to realize that too much rain for the farmer could be too much rain for them also. Unfortunately they realized it too late. When the tributaries of the Kaw and then the river itself began to overflow and send massive flood walls of mud and water in their direction, they weren't ready. It had not occurred to them to question their situation. Hadn't Congress and the Army Engineers spent millions of dollars building levees, current blocks and containment basins to protect them from the rivers?

And hadn't a solid number of their Senators and Representatives shown, by speeches and votes, that they believed further engineering protection a waste of money? Was there any sign of uneasiness among the river engineers themselves about too much country water on the upper Kaw and its tributaries?

From Manhattan to Kansas City, every place struck by the July flood was caught unprepared. To the perhaps unavoidable ruin of an unprecedented and catastrophic rainfall was thus added a further ruin which came from misplaced confidence in the adequacy of the river projects currently in effect. Owners of business concerns of all sorts who, with a proper sense of the situation or with an early warning about it, could have saved at least a fair part of their investments saw millions of dollars worth of these go down under the flood before they suspected flaws in the river structures that were supposed to protect them. Other comparatively poor people who, confident like their richer brothers, had built their homes close to their work in the bottom lands near the cities where most of the great industrial plants, oil refineries, railroad yards, packing and storing industries were located, found time when the flood barriers broke only to save their skins. These people lost all they possessed.

All! Their houses were smashed, splintered, overturned and uprooted by the swirling mud and water. Their household goods were waterlogged, broken to pieces or carried away or buried in the gluey muck of up-river top soil deposited. In addition to mud and water, there was fire. Business houses and homes in Kansas City were not only flooded but burnt out by flaming oil tanks which had been loosed from their foundations and floated about on the running water.

Mile on mile of indescribable wreck was left when the great flood subsided. Thousands of unfortunate men and women who had put all their life earnings into their homes found themselves without anything but debt in the face of an impossible task of reconstruction.

When the full nature of this brutal situation was grasped, Congress was called upon for relief. Agencies to assist business operations here and abroad had been willingly set up by Congress. Billions and billions of American tax dollars were dispensed by these. There were plenty of good reasons to justify this and the people, big and little, of the stricken Kaw Valley, gen-

Thomas Hart Benton, a resident of Kansas City, Mo., has portrayed life in the Midwest in his early cartoons for the Joliet, Ill., American, his paintings and his murals.

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erally accepted them. The principle of tax-supported rehabilitative and revivifying measures was regarded as proper and necessary where the disasters of war, hot and cold, or the fallibilities of business judgment tended to stop or slow up what appeared to be essential business operations. Why shouldn't the principle be applied to a flood-wrack stoppage of human operations? Why shouldn't aid to repair the wrecks of fallacious business judgment, so often advanced during the last two decades, be equally valid when applied to the wrecks following fallacious (and Congressionally sponsored—or blocked) engineering judgments about river controls?

Those who suffered in the path of the overflowing Kaw had paid their share of the taxes, direct and indirect, which permitted Congressional dispensations. They saw a full measure of help as their right.

How did Congress respond to this?

It made a good start. On President Truman's recommendation it promptly appropriated $25 million for relief. A bill sponsored by Rep. Richard Bolling (5th District, Mo.) providing for temporary housing and emergency shelter quickly went through Congress. On August 1, when subsiding waters had revealed the full extent of devastation and the human suffering entailed, Representative Bolling and Sen. T. C. Hennings Jr. (D, Mo.) introduced companion bills in the Senate and the House to establish a system of "grants-in-aid" which would start the ruined valley people and their living and working areas back toward a real recovery. A hearing held on Bolling's bill in the House Committee on Judiciary immediately developed opposition. Congressional good will ran up against sacrosanct Congressional theories of "dangerous precedent" and was checked. On August 20, five weeks after the flood, President Truman, after a conference with Congressional leaders presumably favorable to his views, sent a message to Congress urging the appropriation of $400 million for over-all flood rehabilitation. This was to be divided between partial "indemnification loans" and flood insurance. Representative Bolling introduced implementing legislation the same day. Hearings on this were held in a subcommittee of the House Appropriations and then the full committee reported out legislation which *provided only for loans*. Bolling, knowing through two visits back to the devastated areas about the human situation prevailing, pleaded that loans piled on an already heavily indebted people did not provide genuine relief.

This was the Congressional situation when, some 80 days after the flood, I returned from the East and went down into the stricken areas of greater Kansas City to see what things were like. The first impression gathered, traveling through main traffic arteries, was good. Although the scars of flood and fire were everywhere evident, more evident still was the tremendous amount of indomitable human energy busily reforging the core of a bad piece of luck. I visited a cleaning and dyeing plant which, though out of main currents, had been under 25 feet of water. A faint stench of rot still pervaded the place, but the boilers and machines were in operation and a big sign at the door proclaimed "Business as usual." I asked the proprietor how much the flood had cost him. "Not so bad," he said, "only about $150 thousand." He was congratulating himself! Some he knew couldn't do so.

In the stockyard areas occasional fences were still down, buildings still set awry, but the cattle were coming in from the railroad sidings. Steel workers were changing new girders for flood-twisted old ones as roofs were replaced on scores of buildings whose walls and foundations had been strong enough to resist the currents. Everywhere energetic men were getting the better of their fate.

Going, however, from the recovering business arteries over into the miles of side streets where had lived the people whose daily work in the bottom-land industries helped so largely to sustain these arteries, I saw quickly that the Kansas City *Star's* brave slogan—"You Can't Down the People of Kansas City"—needed a considerable measure of qualification. It was true, but it was a damn sight truer for those Kansas Citians who by luck, or smart dealing, had accumulated a little surplus capital or credit at the banks than for those who had not. And over in these side streets of the working people it was plain that the vast majority had not. For the men and women of this majority, however strong their wills, recovery in terms of "cost what it might" was unthinkable.

Down block after desolated block, the muck covered wrecks of their homes. Condemnation signs were tacked to miles of these split and twisted shells of family memory.

In mouldy underlying crevices and corners, appeared the ruined enamel of stoves, washing machines, bath tubs and the remains of chairs, couches, beds and children's playthings. Here and there in the paling autumn sun men and women pecked at mountains of disaster with shingle hatchets and garden shovels. Looking at all this, I knew that without unfettered help a vast number of Kansas Citians, and others too, up and down the Kaw Valley, were down for good. The cost of a comeback was beyond any price, either of money or hard labor, which they could possibly pay without aid.

Reading that the Senate was ready to review the bill passed by the House where a new burden of debt was the price of a downed peoples' relief I said to myself,

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"The old Missouri painter, George Caleb Bingham, once defeated a candidate for the governorship of Illinois, with a picture 'Order No. 11'. Even though his days are over and pictures don't carry much public meaning or influence any more, take a chance anyhow and throw one at Congress. It might be a little help to those who want to defeat this over-cautious bill."

So I made the lithograph and sent a signed impression to every Senator and every Representative. The results are known. A large number went into the waste baskets of the Capitol. Those that didn't had, as I've said, no effect. The Senate passed the House bill without amendment. President Truman, signed the bill on October 24. He pointed out its inadequacy.

Winter is not far off out here. Down in the river valley below my house, and not so far away either, a man and two boys, 10 and 12 years old, are hacking away at the mud-coated and rotted plaster of a four-room house. It is a lucky house. It stands, and it has a roof of sorts. But it is approached through a trench carved in cracked and hardened mud three feet high and it is surrounded by the yet flood-stinking wrecks of other houses which were not lucky. The man and his wife have four children besides the boys. At present they live in one basement room. "We gotta get in here before it gets cold," the man says. They won't do it. Nor will thousands like them who face the same kind of imperative.

THE TAX THIEVES OF 1951

II. "Wild Wednesday" in San Francisco

by Richard Hyer

THE STRONGEST smell in San Francisco today does not come from Fisherman's Wharf. It arises from one of the worst of the Internal Revenue Bureau scandals currently shocking the nation.

To date, it has compelled the suspension of James G. Smyth, Collector for the First (Northern) California District, (previously campaign manager for ex-Sen. Sheridan Downey), and eight of his aides. Two more have been told to take annual leave while their division is audited.

The scandal has touched off half a dozen official inquiries plus determined unofficial investigations by three of San Francisco's four major newspapers. The charges under scrutiny range from minor irregularities in Bureau procedure to theft of government money, "fixing" of tax cases for crooks, racketeers, grafting policemen and the politically influential, and finally to outright use of the Bureau as a club in collecting Democratic campaign contributions.

Mindful of the grave consequences of this last allegation, President Truman has ordered the situation cleaned up quickly before the Republicans can snowball it into the biggest of the 1952 campaign issues.

The Presidential command is evidently sincere. Within hours of the announcement of Smyth's suspension, Charles F. Masarik Jr., of Philadelphia, arrived to take over as Acting Collector at San Francisco. Within a day or so top men from Washington showed up to get the Bureau's own investigation of the San Francisco office into high gear.

Richard Hyer, reporter for the San Francisco Call Bulletin, has covered the developing tax scandal in California from the beginning.

But these moves were preceded and have been followed by frantic efforts, locally and in Washington, to keep the lid on and to engineer reprisals designed to discredit the people who jarred the whole mess into the open. These attempts have been credited to the Northern California Democratic faction headed by William M. Malone, wealthy lawyer and chairman of the San Francisco County Democratic Central Committee, whose influence extends beyond county lines to encompass the entire state.

Malone's dominance is being sharply challenged now by dissident elements within the party who are appalled on both moral and political grounds by what is happening. One charge held that during the tenure of Smyth and his predecessor, Harold Berliner, as collector, Malone had maneuvered into office in the Bureau a set of political appointments and reassignments of personnel that comprised an "operating chain of command." These appointees and assignees were alleged to have usurped the authority of Civil Service career men in the vital functions of the Bureau. Some of them, including Boss Malone's brother John, were suspended for "incompetence" by Internal Revenue Commissioner John B. Dunlap a few minutes after President Truman suspended Smyth on September 27.

Malone and his allies fought the removal of Smyth tooth and nail. Rep. Jack Shelley, long-time AFL labor leader in San Francisco, is said to have halted an earlier suspension of Smyth by personally demanding, in an interview with Commissioner Dunlap, that action be held up until the San Francisco grand jury completed its work on the Bureau. Smyth also had friends even

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higher in the echelons of the Democratic Party: Elinor Heller, Democratic National Committeewoman for California, and her husband, Edward, whose tremendous financial interests are said to extend into 40 or more major corporations, were among his original sponsors.

The current inquiries in San Francisco have their dim origin in an apparently unrelated arrest of a woman known as Marie Basom by federal narcotics agents in 1949. She was caught with about $80,000 worth of heroin and told a story which convinced the agents that she was shielding others.

Marie Basom was convicted and sent to the Federal Women's Prison at Alderson, W. Va. Investigation of the case continued under the direction of Col. George H. White, then district supervisor of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics at San Francisco. Eventually Marie Basom and her common-law husband, Hugh Basom, made admissions that involved the woman's lawyer, Archer Zamloch Jr., Paul J. Steffen, a convicted narcotics dealer, and Albert Benevedes, associate of Steffen. In their admissions, the Basoms said Zamloch had passed $3,600 to Marie from Steffen and Benevedes to conceal their interest in the seized heroin.

Steffen and Benevedes pleaded guilty. Zamloch stood trial and was convicted. When the Zamloch trial ended US District Judge J. Waties Waring, of Charleston, S.C., who presided because the local federal judges apparently were disinclined to hear the matter, announced from the bench that collateral facets of the case "cried aloud" for further investigation by a federal grand jury and other appropriate agencies.

The grand jury then in session was headed by Richard H. Seward, an investment counselor and a man of quiet determination. His group opened its inquiry as several other developments began to focus public and official attention on the San Francisco office of the Internal Revenue Bureau. The California Commission on Organized Crime, headed by Admiral William Standley (Ret.) and with Warren Olney III as its chief counsel, issued a report which charged that no racketeer or gangster of importance had ever been prosecuted for income-tax evasion in California and that deals had been made by Bureau officials with such persons. Next, William Burkett, crack special agent of the Bureau's Intelligence Unit, quit his job in "disgust" over alleged "covering up" of the tax cases against bigtime hoodlums. Then Edward Montgomery, able reporter for the San Francisco *Examiner*, broke a story that Burkett had resigned after obtaining an affidavit from Gertrude Jenkins, a convicted abortionist, in which she told of paying $5,000 to Pat Mooney, Chief Field Deputy (since resigned) under Internal Revenue Collector Robert Douglas (also resigned) at Reno. The Jenkins affidavit also involved Smyth's Chief Field Deputy, Ernest M. "Mike" Schino, and a stock salesman, Martin M. Hartmann. Montgomery won the 1950 Pulitzer prize for his story, and Mooney, Schino and Hartmann are now under indictment.

No action, however, was taken against them—not even suspensions against the two Chief Field Deputies—until the Kefauver Committee held executive hearings in San Francisco late in November, 1950. The Kefauver Committee's interest in the Bureau led first to a series of unbelievable events affecting federal grand-jury procedure in San Francisco and, finally, to the wholesale suspensions in the San Francisco office.

A group of Bureau employees, determined to end if possible the political uses of the Bureau, pooled information on what they knew or had reason to believe and put their information into a "bill of particulars," containing 15 or 16 cases of alleged irregularities or corruption.

During this period the Seward grand jury was encountering a series of fantastic frustrations. For five months it could not get a transcript of its own proceedings. The jury could not get an essential FBI investigation until Seward personally appealed to Washington. The jury ran into a dead end in its efforts to obtain information from the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

The Bureau blockade, underscored by the Kefauver Committee disclosures, aroused jury interest concerning Bureau conditions in general. Assistant US Attorney Charles O'Gara, who had been assigned to the jury, brought in, on request, a "bill of particulars." But Hennessy, O'Gara's boss, backed away from the whole subject. The Seward jury, then somewhat confused as to its powers, decided the Bureau charges had better go to a current grand jury that had been impaneled with John T. Taylor, an insurance man, as foreman. O'Gara was instructed to present the material. On May 16, he went before the Taylor jury, pursuant to the Seward jury's instructions, and began presentation of the "bill of particulars" against Internal Revenue.

The information so fascinated the Taylor jury that it remained in session through its normal lunch hour. Curious as to what was going on, another Assistant US Attorney, Reynold Colvin (since resigned), stuck his head in the door, listened for a few minutes, then ran out in search of Chief Assistant US Attorney Robert B. McMillan. McMillan hurried to US District Judge Louis E. Goodman, who, it can be noted, is a stalwart in the Heller-Malone organization. Judge Goodman sent the US Marshal into the jury room with an order summoning the entire group into court forthwith. There, the judge excoriated O'Gara for launching such a proceeding without authorization from his superior and told

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the jury that a "most serious affront to the laws of the United States" had been committed. The date, May 16, is now known in San Francisco as "Wild Wednesday."

Hennessy had resigned as US Attorney earlier in the month. His successor, Chauncey Tramutolo, also long a figure in the Malone organization, had been sworn in on May 14. In the astounding court session before Judge Goodman, Tramutolo in effect repudiated O'Gara.

The situation bubbled beneath the surface for about three weeks, until early June when this reporter began publication of the "bill of particulars" in the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*. McMillan began presentation of the evidence to the Taylor jury two days later, and the end is not yet in sight.

Early in July another US District Judge, Edward P. Murphy, summarily dismissed the Seward grand jury, despite its protests that its work was far from complete. On July 3, the judge told the jury to finish its work by July 5, cut short an account by Seward of the frustrations that had been encountered and made remarks from the bench about jurors who acted like the "Gestapo," sought advice from outside quarters as to their powers and obtained information from other than official channels. The judge said he intended to ask the Attorney General for special counsel in the tax matters and assured the Seward group that any affairs it might leave unfinished would go to the new grand jury.

On July 5, the Seward jury came in and was fired, as promised, after leaving with the court a sealed envelope containing five names recommended for further inquiry. During its last session it had completely exonerated O'Gara. But O'Gara had not heard the last of his defiance of party lines and authority.

Meanwhile, the San Francisco repercussions began to bounce across the country to Washington, D. C. Sen. John J. Williams (R, Del.) who was an important factor in suspensions or resignations of collectors at St. Louis, Boston and New York, threatened to denounce the Bureau from the floor of the Senate if the San Francisco situation were whitewashed. A House Ways and Means Subcommittee, created to investigate the Bureau nationally and headed by Rep. Cecil King (D, Cal.), took up the San Francisco charges. On August 30, O'Gara, in response to a subpoena, appeared before the Senate Finance Committee and testified for nearly three hours. On October 10, Rep. Patrick J. Hillings (R., Cal.) and Kenneth B. Keating (R., N.Y.) announced an attempt would be made to take the San Francisco scandals out of the hands of the King Committee and transfer them to the House Judiciary Committee "where impeachment proceedings must start."

This proposal was launched following numerous reports to Representatives and Senators that O'Gara, himself, was now threatened with indictment, and that Irvin Goldstein, sent to San Francisco by the Justice Department as a special Attorney General to "aid" the tax inquiry, had "spent more time grilling O'Gara" than in pressing the Bureau investigation. (Goldstein's last prominence before the public was as defense attorney for John Maragon, one-time Kansas City bootblack convicted of perjury in the Senate inquiry into influence peddling.)

The reports of efforts to get O'Gara appear to have considerable substance and involve, as well, Deputy Collector Doolan, who drafted the "bill of particulars," and this reporter, who first revealed the existence and details of the document. The proposed charge would be an alleged conspiracy to "influence" the Taylor grand jury. On October 11, US Attorney Tramutolo inadvertently confirmed that the FBI had been called in to investigate the supposed jury tampering. Goldstein, Tramutolo and US District Judge Oliver J. Carter have been in frequent conference, presumably on the same subject. Carter, recently appointed to the federal bench under the sponsorship of the Malone organization, is presently Judge of the Master Calendar and as such handles federal grand juries.

Tramutolo recently stated that he does not know whether one, or all, of the jurors should be disqualified until he has seen the FBI report. The implications of the statement are plain: Disqualification of the Taylor grand jury would junk five months of arduous work and throw the investigation of the charges against the San Francisco Bureau back where it started.

Such a move would also presuppose the validity of the rules imposed by the federal bench in San Francisco —that federal grand juries (whose investigative powers traditionally have been of the broadest)—can consider only those matters brought before them with the official approval of the US Attorney or the court.

In recent weeks representatives of three Congressional committees, converging on San Francisco, have become alarmed by the gag rule imposed by the Department of Justice. US Attorney Tramutolo even refused to talk to the King Subcommittee without permission from Washington. These latest developments indicate that the activities of the Department of Justice in handling grand juries may produce repercussions as important as the probe of the Bureau of Internal Revenue itself.

(This is the second in a series of articles on the current tax scandals. The third will report the story of corruption in St. Louis.)

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STRANGE ROMANCE: IKE AND THE GOP

by Tris Coffin

EVEN BEFORE the great silver airliner bearing General Eisenhower left for Paris, an exclusive circle of Republican backers was tipped off, "The General is a candidate in 1952, but don't push him too hard. He is politically shy. He likes the looks of the Republican Party, but he doesn't like to hold hands in public on this short notice."

This limited and cagey confidence left Big Jim Duff, a fine figure of a man with a zest for turning a dull phrase into a bold statement, in the well-known hole. At the impatient nudging of Gov. Tom Dewey, Senator Duff (R, Pa.) has been trying to get Ike to come clean. The mission was doomed to failure from the start. The General's response in all cases has been a winning smile and a firm handshake, but no word to take home to the Fifth Precinct.

Now the word is that the Republicans will not get a firm statement until at least March, and perhaps not even then. They must simply assume that Eisenhower is a candidate. This uncommon way of carrying on a romance has stimulated a frantic desperation among professional Republican politicians who grabbed Ike's campaign ribbons for a free ride to power. They need, and especially since the General's visit to the White House, an "I will run" statement from Ike.

Governor Dewey keeps peeking out from behind the throne as the leader of these forces. His chief brain-truster in "Operation Ike" is Jay Franklin, one-time New Deal columnist and Truman ghost writer. The shrewdly selected spokesman is Duff, who beat the Pennsylvania Grundy machine in 1946. Last spring and summer, Dewey & Co. made great predictions about this fall. Jay Franklin told Washington friends and Republican chiefs that the Eisenhower campaign would blossom out with a positive word from Ike, big New York headquarters with neon signs and a nationwide organization. People who thought they knew what Ike would do—his brothers, and World War II crony Harry Butcher, among others—kept saying that he was running for the nomination.

Yet, recently, each time a move has been made to set up headquarters, General Eisenhower has said clearly and distinctly that he disapproved.

Now time has run out. The elation of Eisenhower backers among GOP leaders has rusted into skepticism. Taft is picking up votes, or is in shape to attack the opposition, in on-the-fence states. So a new campaign was carefully planned to put the bite on the General. The recent New York *Herald Tribune* editorial and echoes from other newspapers were to give a grand display of public demand. "Ambassador" Duff was to bring the promise of organization support from Dewey.

Another group of Eisenhower Republicans has been saying for weeks that the Dewey campaign would frighten the General. Former Sen. Harry Darby of Kansas on his last Washington visit said, "You can't start out by deciding the General aches for the nomination and will come at the crook of a finger. We've got to sell him on it. If we can prove that the people want and need him in this hour of crisis, I think he will run."

In the meantime, the rough and rugged Taft machine is going after Eisenhower backers with a meat cleaver. In Massachusetts, for example, Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., an outspoken Ike man, is threatened with trouble in the Republican primary. A Taft agent, Sinclair Weeks, is looking for a candidate to take Lodge on in the GOP primary next spring. In Wisconsin, Taftite Thomas Coleman, long-time controller of the right-wing Republican machine, is trying to avoid a party split over Joe McCarthy. Coleman is arguing with Gov. Walter Kohler that he should not oppose McCarthy.

Fully as significant as the Duff mission is a quiet boom that got underway behind the scenes on Capitol Hill in the closing days of the past session of Congress. This was to draft an Eisenhower-Vinson Democratic ticket, and it has the backing of middle-of-the-road party leaders.

The key man to watch if Ike is to be drafted by the Democrats is his good friend, George Allen, who is too often underrated as a clown. The General looks to Allen for political advice. President Truman in recent weeks has felt a similar desire for Allen's counsel.

Finally, another powerful force waiting to give General Eisenhower a boost into the White House is Eastern capital, generally associated with the Morgan interests. This group has sent word to men close to Truman inviting him to hold open the Democratic door for Ike, if the chances for his nomination as a Republican fade.

This will leave Eisenhower with scores of big money backers still anxious to make a President, and a small corps of Republican independents. This package is the kind of present Harry Truman would like to give the Democratic Party as a farewell gift.

And, as one of Ike's GOP backers commented, "The General has no fixed political loyalty, as we know it."

Tris Coffin is a radio commentator, former columnist of Washington Daybook, magazine writer and author of Missouri Compromise.

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PHILADELPHIA WAKES UP

by Johannes U. Hoeber

IT HAS HAPPENED AT LAST: Philadelphia is no longer contented and will no longer be corrupt. After 67 years of uninterrupted Republican machine rule, the people of Philadelphia finally wrote their own Declaration of Independence on Nov. 6. They smashed the oldest, largest, most powerful and most vicious Republican city organization in the country. They elected the two leaders of the long fight to clean up their city, Joseph Sill Clark Jr. and Richardson Dilworth, as Mayor and District Attorney. They carried to victory with them the Democratic candidates for every city-wide office and for 14 of the 17 seats in the City Council.

In a Democratic landslide, more than 750,000 of Philadelphia's million voters went to the polls. The Clark-Dilworth ticket won by majorities upward of 120,000. This was anything but an ordinary municipal election. Philadelphia's Mayor and City Council are elected for four-year terms, but this balloting marked the end of an era, not the end of a term.

Since the last Democratic Mayor, Samuel G. King, left office in 1884, the Republicans have ruled the nation's third largest city virtually unchallenged. They kept control of City Hall with the help of an unholy alliance between "the best people" representing the city's financial, industrial and commercial interests, and a tightly knit machine, made up of grafters, gamblers and goons whose political philosophy is based on the simple formula: "What is in it for me?"

One must have lived in this city for some time to realize the extent to which "the organization" controlled the public life of Philadelphia. The registration figures —700,000 Republicans, 300,000 Democrats—tell the story more bluntly than anything else. The average citizen who, at any time, for any reason, needed the good will of the powers that be could not afford to be registered Democratic. If he voted that way—and steadily growing numbers did since the first FDR election in 1932 —he had to keep it a carefully guarded secret. The only sure method to get on a civil-service list, to speed up a building permit, to stay out of trouble with the police, or even to have a mental patient admitted to a city hospital was to enlist the help of a Republican committeeman. The police force, the magistrates' courts, the license bureaus, the tax assessors, the fire marshal and the civil-service commission, to mention only a few of the city hall offices, were for decades nothing but agents of the Republican City Committee to reward their friends and punish their enemies. With almost unlimited control over 23,000 city jobs and almost unlimited funds from legitimate and illegitimate sources in the hands of the organization, corruption had become so thoroughly entrenched in City Hall that many people had come to despair of ever breaking its hold over their city's government.

Twenty years ago, before the advent of the New Deal, the Democrats polled 30,000 votes in a city election. In the thirties and forties the figures began to rise steadily. Roosevelt carried Philadelphia three times by large majorities, but the Republicans continued to win every mayoralty election. They won once more in 1947 by over 90,000 when Richardson Dilworth, then virtually unknown, was the Democratic candidate for Mayor. Philadelphians did not know then what they know now: that every charge of graft and corruption which Dilworth had hurled at the city hall gang was true and would be borne out by the facts, if they ever came to light. Six months after the election, a series of scandals affecting half a dozen city departments hit the front pages of the newspapers. Dilworth and his campaign manager, Clark, became overnight the heroes of a long-suffering citizenry, finally shaken out of its complacency by a seemingly endless succession of blows to their civic pride.

In 1949, Clark and Dilworth were elected City Controller and City Treasurer by majorities of upward of 100,000. In 1950, Dilworth was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. While failing election by two percent of the total vote cast, he carried Philadelphia by just under 80,000. On election night, he announced his candidacy for District Attorney in 1951 and named Clark as his choice for Mayor.

Throughout 1950 and 1951 the revelations of scandals in City Hall continued uninterrupted. Two local grand juries, a federal grand jury and the Kefauver Committee revealed, month after month, sordid stories of thefts, embezzlements, briberies and tieups among GOP politicians, the police and Philadelphia's numbers racket.

Last spring the reform movement scored another triumph. Under pressure from scores of civic agencies, the Pennsylvania legislature had finally granted Philadelphia the power to write and adopt its own Home Rule Charter. In a referendum election the new charter was adopted by a two-to-one majority.

(*Continued on page 23*)

Johannes U. Hoeber is an economist and political scientist living in Philadelphia. He is prominent in Americans for Democratic Action.

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *Eisenhower Was Here*

GENERAL EISENHOWER has come and gone but the Babel of comment on his soldierly response to a summons from his Commander-in-Chief has not ceased. Nor will it until he says or does, or authorizes someone else to say or do, something definite about the possibility of his becoming a candidate for President next year.

I was an interested observer of national politics even before, as assistant political editor of the now-deceased Chicago *Record,* I was one of those assigned to cover the Republican and Democratic conventions of 1900. I have never seen a campaign started so long before the conventions as the one that has been in active progress for some time. There is practically nothing to be said about Democratic prospects until President Truman, in his own good time, makes known, or allows it to become known, whether he will be a candidate for renomination and, if not, behind whom he will throw his support. But the Republican candidates, as well as those who would draft Eisenhower, are hard at it.

For months, Senator Taft was as busy as a bee trying to round up delegates before he made the formal announcement that everyone knew in advance he would make. With the Eisenhower sentiment strong, and growing stronger in both parties, Senator Taft and his considerable group of experienced politicians realized that if he were to have a real chance to win the nomination, he would have to put his brand on as many of the Republican mavericks as possible and as quickly as might be. Even so, he will necessarily be sitting in the anxious seat until Eisenhower is definitely out of the race, or until he knows, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that he will have control of the Chicago convention. Of course, Senator Taft is acting with the confidence that it is the conventional thing for a candidate to exude, but he must know in his heart that when he predicts his own nomination on the first ballot, or on an early following one, he is counting his chickens before the eggs have been laid. Difficult as it is to stampede a Republican convention, as was demonstrated in 1912, there are distinct possibilities of just that this time. And if it is stampeded, it will be by the magic word "Eisenhower."

On his recent hurried trip to Washington, Eisenhower refused to say anything that might reach the public ear directly. That it was not impossible, even if he was unwilling, to hear from others on the subject that must at least remotely interest him there can hardly be a doubt. He could not even look at a newspaper without being made aware of the keen and widespread public interest in what he might or might not eventually say, or do, politically. Certainly he said nothing, at least for public consumption, that would discourage those, especially in the Republican Party, who have been insisting, whether with prescience or not, that Eisenhower could be drafted. He is still in the race so far as he has ever been in it. As the Washington *Post* said in an editorial on November 5, under the caption IKE WON'T SAY NO, "a flat refusal to accept a nomination [which in this case would be equivalent to election] would be inconsistent with his record, his character and his notions of a citizen's responsibility to the nation. Of course he would accept the nomination."

Notwithstanding, the most ardent supporter of Eisenhower would be making a mistake to count Taft out. The Senator from Ohio is a strong, able and understandably ambitious man who knows how to fight. He has an impressive following, particularly among organization Republicans, who, however, are not numerous enough to win an election if for any reason the liberals or independents, or whatever one may wish to call them, should decide that his tendency toward isolationism in the past and his predisposition to it in the future do not make him at this time a candidate whom they can support. This is Taft's weakness as a popular candidate, which is not lessened by the fact that his most vocal supporter is "Lot's wife," Robert R. McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune.*

Taft's problem is to soft-pedal on isolationism even at the risk of putting McCormick's ardor in deep freeze, or lose the support of the independents who are no less devoted to their country because they sincerely believe that, in this foreshortened world, we cannot play "pussy in the corner" with other civilized countries and hope to survive. Then, too, there is an odor about Senator Taft, reminiscent of genus mephitis, of which he has not been able to rid himself since he patted Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy in the wrong place. After all, since that unfortunate event, it has not been possible for him to bury all of his clothes.

All in all, however, I continue to think that since the regular Republicans will organize and run the Republican convention, Eisenhower will have to say or do something if Taft is not to win. It is still true, even so far as Eisenhower is concerned, that "you cannot beat somebody with nobody," although, potentially, Eisenhower is infinitely more than nobody.

HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY

by Malcolm Cowley

LEWIS MUMFORD'S new book is the fourth and last volume in a series intended to serve as a unified study of modern civilization. The series had started with *Technics and Civilization* (1934); then came *The Culture of Cities* (1938) and *The Condition of Man* (1944). Now, in *The Conduct of Life*, he concludes the series by discussing "the final problems of man's nature, destiny and purpose."

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE, by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace; $5).

The argument of the book is most clearly stated in the eighth of its nine long chapters. There Mumford offers the proposition that each new culture is a new collective drama having a general guiding theme and providing its members with an opportunity for "action and struggle in an important role, working up to an undisclosed climax through choices freely made." Unlike Spengler, he does not believe that the history of a culture can be prophesied from its beginning; instead he celebrates freedom and the human capacity for self-creation and self-renewal. He has his own explanation for the fall of empires. "When a culture begins to disintegrate," Mumford says, "it does so, not because the seasons have changed, not because it is old and decrepit, not even because it has met an external injury or shock, but because its guiding theme, which bound all parts of it together, has become exhausted."

At such moments of history—and the present moment is one of them—the actors in the drama cease to believe in the parts they have been called upon to play and instead drop back into their natural off-stage selves. "Men are never such sorry creatures," Mumford says, "as when they have reached the end of one drama and find themselves without any part." There is likely to be "an upsurge of untrammeled lust and aggression, greed and senseless violence. . . . Western civilization has now plainly come to a point where all the processes of disintegration and barbarism . . . threaten to bring ruin to what is left of our civilization: carrying destruction over wider areas and hastening its pace more effectively than ever before, precisely because we have placed all the highest capacities of scientific abstraction at the disposal of moral imbeciles and psychotics. In this manner the drama of the machine age will come to an end: if it goes a scene further, there will not even be corpses left on the stage."

The only event that can save our society and ourselves as individuals is the beginning of a new drama, with a new guiding theme. There must be, Mumford says, "a deep organic transformation in every department of life," comparable to the rebirth that took place after the declining Roman Empire had been converted to Christianity. This time, however, we cannot wait for the transformation to effect itself in a matter of centuries, since every destructive tendency in modern life is subject to a law of acceleration. This time the transformation, in addition to being complete, must be rapid enough to forestall an imminent disaster.

There would be no hope for such a change if it were not for the existence in history of what Clerk Maxwell called "singular points"—that is, "unpredictable moments when a small force may produce, not a commensurate small result, but one of far greater magnitude." At such moments the words and deeds of individuals may have an immense effect on history; and Mumford believes that we may now be approaching one of these singular points: "Perhaps," he says, "in some far corner of the world, it has already taken place, without being reported." In any case the ideas and ideals that are capable of transforming our culture by restoring initiative to persons and by delivering us from our bondage to machines and machinelike habits of thought and action—"automatisms"—are already in existence.

At the end of the chapter Mumford outlines some of the existing ideas by which Western civilization might be made over. The chief idea is that our conception of life and the universe should be recast around the human personality. "We begin with man himself," Mumford says, "at the fullest point of his own development, his emergence into a person: with man as the interpreter of natural events, man as the conservator of meanings and values and patterns of life, with man as the transformer of nature, and with man, finally, as the projector and planner of new purposes, new destinies, not given in nature." This new approach restores man to the place at the center of the universe which he had lost as a result of Copernican astronomy and Darwinian biology. It is an organizing or polarizing principle that provides, Mumford says, "the spatial pattern and the temporal order through which every activity becomes interrelated in a new design."

In confining myself to the central argument as presented in Chapter VIII, I have failed to mention a number of striking conceptions that are developed elsewhere in the book. There is, for example, Mumford's picture of God as existing in the future rather than the past. "If the universe," he says, ". . . has taken some three billion years to come forth out of chaos and old night, God is the faint glimmer of a design still fully to emerge, a rationality still to be achieved, a justice still to be established, a love still to be fulfilled." And there is his notion of the person, not as a mere unit in the group—one that exists before the group, just as the separate brick exists before the wall—but

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rather as something that emerges from the community. "By an inner reorientation," Mumford says, "man detaches himself from the fate of his local group; he becomes part of a more universal society, at first merely an imagined one, and by means of new insights and purposes he transcends the frustrations of his historic experience and an earthbound community. One may call this process the birth of the person."

One might also call the process a religious conversion, and this older, more familiar phrase casts a clearer light on Mumford's purpose in *The Conduct of Life*. He is calling on all of us to examine our sins, repent in solitude and then embrace a new religion to which he hesitates to give a name, although it might be described as Universalism or Personalism or the Religion of Humanity. In the ninth and last chapter, which is one of the most effective, he pictures the daily lives of the converted and suggests the sort of reforms they might introduce into society: for example, compulsory service in a world-wide Army of Peace. He ends with a declaration of faith in the future. "The day and the hour are at hand," he says, "when our individual purposes and ideals, reinforced by our neighbors', will unite in a new drama of life. . . . The way we must follow is untried and heavy with difficulty; it will test to the utmost our faith and powers. But it is the way toward life, and those who follow it will prevail."

A great virtue of Mumford's book is that it rises to the level of our present crisis. That can be said of very few authors in these days of religious wars and scientific annihilation. I doubt that the quality of our writing on world affairs has ever fallen lower than in the past few years, when some of our best authors in the field have stopped publishing and the others have apparently stopped thinking. Mumford, with his religious or prophetic cast of mind, is able to grasp the situation imaginatively, face its worst dangers and at the same time find reasons for optimism. Many of his prophecies are more realistic than they seem at one's first reading. I think he is right, for example, in feeling that the present crisis will lead to some sort of religious revival, even though I doubt that it will lead to the sort of widespread and simultaneous conversions on which he rests his hope for the future of mankind.

His book is best on two widely separated levels, that of the universal and that of the intimate. On the universal level it discusses the relations between the individual and the world at large. It points out the dangers to the human race that were involved in the gift of superhumanly destructive powers to men with the moral sense of very young children. Nowhere outside of Mumford's work can one find such bold and effective denunciations of our having adopted genocide as a national policy; of our folly in believing that instruments of random extermination—A-bombs, H-bombs, deadlier viruses that can be broadcast on the enemy countryside—will serve as a cheap substitute for war. Then, descending to the intimate level, as Mumford does in his last chapter, he discusses the conduct of our daily lives. Set aside a half-hour each day to spend in solitude, he says. Learn to carry on several chains of thought at once (he calls it polyphonic thinking). Slow down your pace by ridding your lives of complications. Make your own bed, cultivate your own garden, have a rich family life and take part in the activities of your local community, while looking beyond it to the world. All these maxims are discussed in a fashion that is sensible and even inspiring, without being inspirational.

There is, however, a vast area between world policy and individual policy for daily living, and that is the area where the book is weakest. Except for its praise of family life, it has little to tell us about groups that are smaller than the world community. It shows little awareness of the problems involved in organization, administration, finance, politics—that is, institutional life at every level. That is the realm of means, not ends; of how's, not why's or whether's; and neither here nor in his earlier works does Mumford seem to grasp its importance.

Instead he lays his emphasis on proper doctrine and a change of heart. "Each one of us," he says, "is like Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus: at any moment we may be struck by a blinding light and hear a voice."—"The fellowship of those who have experienced renewal will be written on their faces: in a good-humored patience, and tenderness, in an outer resolution tempered by an inner mirth." The converts will recognize one another, as Christians did in Rome, and they will reunite themselves "with those who have been undergoing a like regeneration and are thereby capable of assuming responsibility and taking action." Immense changes in society will follow, it would seem, almost automatically.

Mumford is suggesting a fellowship of the saved—in other words, a church, an institution—but he fails to suggest how it should be organized and financed and administered. That is one of the points where I have reservations about his new Universalism. We have seen the rise of other new religions in our time—Soviet Communism is by far the most powerful—that have started with great doctrines, have attracted masses of converts who thought they were finding a new life, have had their saints by the hundreds and their martyrs by the millions, and then, as a result of institutional processes, have turned into something vastly different from what they started out to be. Can we be sure that Mumford's religion of humanity would be saved by sound doctrine and richness of personal emotion from following a similar path?

FREUD RE-EXAMINED

SIGMUND FREUD: His Exploration of the Mind of Man, by Gregory Zilboorg (Scribner's; $2).

THIS RECENT addition to the Scribner's Twentieth Century Library series is a respectful, though by no means reverential, interpretation of one of the most original and liberative influences of our time. In places the brief work seems to be organized along free-associational lines; but the major psychoanalytic concepts and axes of development are adequately presented, the worst sins of popularization are avoided, and a most refreshing common sense is applied, in

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the last chapter, to Freud's intransigent atheism.

Dr. Zilboorg, a prominent psychoanalyst and writer in the field, gives careful consideration to such controversial elements in Freud's philosophy as its social pessimism and its heavy emphasis on the sexual factors in human development. (There is, of course, a connection between the two, since Freud believed our libidinal drives to be so strong that they could not be successfully sublimated on a mass scale.) In both cases, the author speaks somewhat defensively. Actually, Freud's revolutionary views on sex have been more widely accepted than even Dr. Zilboorg realizes. The eyebrow-raising intellectual chit-chat of the twenties became campus gossip in the thirties, reached the high-school corridors in the forties and the high-school classrooms in the fifties; so that, today, many an author finds it possible to recoup the entire expense of his analysis by repackaging the experience in memoir, novel, play, or even musical-comedy form.

Freud's social pessimism is more difficult to defend. His craggy individualism, the author notes, was essentially a nineteenth-century attitude, though Freud lived to see it bitterly vindicated, in his eyes, by the macabre crimes of twentieth-century governments. Whatever the reason, and one possibility will be advanced shortly, Freud did underestimate the capacity of governments to act with—putting aside morality for the moment—enlightened selfishness. For example, our own government, which, under the cruel pressure of war, did not hesitate to incinerate 100,000 enemy civilians at one blast, has dealt most generously with its former foes. The efficacy of destructive forces has been monstrously magnified. Perhaps the forces of good have kept pace with them in this respect and may yet outstrip them. The issue is still undecided.

The psychological basis of Freud's social pessimism has already been suggested, but in the individual as in society the constructive forces are far stronger than Freud estimated. Many a person with a hair-raising background, psychoanalytically speaking, functions and achieves maturity, however painfully. This happy phenomenon was never explored by Freud or his professional successors with the enthusiasm it deserves.

One possible reason for the pessimism of Freudian philosophy is its sickness-orientation. As Dr. Zilboorg says, ". . . the source of learning [about man] is always . . . the sick individual, the neurotic, the deviant, the criminal—in short, the pathological." He then draws an analogy with medical pathology. But medicine is profoundly interested in the *healthy* organism too, and in the conditions that keep it healthy. The early psychoanalytic environment was unfortunate in this respect, for to the universal anxieties from which Freud's patients suffered were added the anxieties of Middle Europe, the middle class and, in a disproportionate number of cases, the Jews. Today psychoanalysis suffers from a comparable limitation in its source material. It is the cosmopolitan upper-middle class which flocks to the analyst's office, and it is from this group that the analysts themselves are largely drawn. The result is a remarkably restricted orbit of experience. It would be fun to know how many analysts grew up on farms. DAVID GOLDKNOPF

JEWS IN RUSSIA

THE JEWS IN THE SOVIET UNION, by Solomon M. Schwarz (Syracuse University Press; $5).

IN THE first years of the Bolshevik regime it was frequently maintained that Jews enjoyed a privileged position in the Soviet Union; in fact, some of the "simplifiers" asserted that the whole regime was a Jewish plot. During the last two or three years, waves of anti-Semitism have been reported from the USSR; again, some oversimplifiers accused Stalin of having followed, in that respect too, in the footsteps of Hitler. Both these erroneous opinions are corrected in the careful and objective study by Solomon M. Schwarz, a Russian lawyer and economist who was exiled by the Soviet Government in 1922 and since 1940 has made his home in the United States. His book is written dispassionately, on documentation from original sources. For the time being, it can be called the definitive study on the subject.

ADVERTISEMENT

A Statement From UPTON SINCLAIR

I have a book ms. entitled "Personal Jesus: An Essay in Biography." It is the product of sixty years of study and thought. It is honest and decent, and regards its subject as one of the world's great ethical teachers. I have a publisher for it in England, but none at home. John Haynes Holmes read the ms., praised it, and recommended it to a leading publishing house, but without result. Gideon Chagy, editor of *The Standard*, organ of the Ethical Culture Societies, permits me to quote from a letter:

"I was deeply moved by the book, and applaud it as a great contribution to contemporary ethical thinking. . . . Some sensible publisher is going to make a fortune on your book. Of all the books on ethics and religious themes that I have read this year, yours meets best the needs of the millions of people who have lost their religious bearings and are being torn between religious and political authoritarianism. I wish you every success, and thank you for the privilege of seeing it in manuscript."

I seem to have fallen between two stools. The orthodox religionists will not permit me to be rational, and the rationalists will not permit me to believe in the spiritual nature of man. I have been asked to omit this kind of thing, and then to omit that kind. One publisher-friend wrote me that he could not feel happy selling a book in which it was suggested that there might possibly be such a thing as a ghost. (I don't say there is; I just say that I don't know.) Others intimated tactfully that a business firm could not afford to antagonize those powerful groups which exist to perpetuate ancient myths.

I am hereby advertising for a publisher who will promise not to be influenced by either of these considerations. Address me at Route 2, Corona, California.

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Until the partitions of Poland in the late eighteenth century, no Jews were tolerated in Russia. The Polish and Ukrainian Jews who by the annexation of Polish territories came under Russian domination had not been integrated into Polish or Ukrainian life. For centuries they had constituted an isolated, segregated and closed community and they continued to be unassimilated under Russian domination. Intermittent efforts by the Russian administration to integrate and "normalize" Jewish life were resisted; the Jews in no way became a part of Russia. With the industrialization and modernization of Russian life after 1880, this situation began to change, but large parts of the Jewish masses continued to represent a nationality within Russia. They were oppressed by the Czarist regime after 1880, as were other nationalities, liberated, like them, by the February Revolution of 1917, and after November, 1917, assimilated by the Bolsheviks to the other minorities in the treatment destined to spread Communist uniformity without arousing too much nationalist antagonism.

Schwarz analyzes in detail all the aspects of Soviet minority policy as applied to the Jews. This policy has undergone a general change since 1933. Perhaps not uninfluenced by Hitler's supernationalism, Stalin began to replace Leninist internationalism and Pokrovsky's Marxist historiography with emphasis on the traditions of the Great Russian people and its pre-eminent role throughout history. From this new policy all the non-Great Russian nationalities in the Soviet Union increasingly suffered. Russian history and the Russian language gained a new sanctity at the expense of the national histories and languages of the minorities. Anything that did not fit into the idolatry of the supposedly unique and original creativeness of the Russian spirit was rejected as "cosmopolitan" and "toadying to the West."

The Jews suffered more from this policy than other minorities, as they had suffered more from the Czarist policy of oppression. Anti-Semitism continued in Russia and was increased partly by the Stalinist purges and partly by the demoralizing effects of Nazi occupation and the war. Hope for Jewish autonomy and minority rights was menaced by Lenin's well-known opposition to regarding the Jews as a separate nationality and to the slogan of "national culture," in which he saw a "clerical or bourgeois fraud." Lenin was for "the fusion of all nations in a higher unity. . . . Struggle against any kind of national oppression—a decided yes. Struggle for any kind of national development, for national culture in general—a decided no." In the latest development of Stalinism, one exception to this internationalism has emerged: the unique position of Great Russian national development. Apparently many Jewish writers, and especially art critics, did not follow this new extreme provincialism fast enough; thus they were accused as "rootless cosmopolitans, mocking the Russian national traditions." Though Jews share in the general equality of having no rights in Russia, and though some of them continue to hold top positions (the proportion of Jews among Stalin prize-winners is high), their situation has undoubtedly deteriorated. This is due less to racial anti-Semitism directed against Jews as individuals than to a rise in Russian nationalist exclusivism which is accompanied by a distrust of everything non-Russian in the narrowest sense of the word.

HANS KOHN

GROWTH OF AN ARTIST

THE HOLY SINNER, by Thomas Mann (Knopf; $3.50).

THOMAS MANN still pursues his craft with confounding vigor. In his seventy-sixth year he has produced a brilliant novel which by its youthful zest and audacity alone should delight the most pessimistic of gerontologists.

The Holy Sinner is an adaptation of a verse epic written by the twelfth-century German poet, Hartmann von Aue. The story is placed in a medieval setting which extends from the courtliness of the Duchy of Flanders and Artois to the magnificence of Rome. Mann creates his visual effects as much by suggestion as by explicit statement, and the result is like that of a tapestry peopled with dark figures which move across the formal landscapes of a vast and dazzling fabric.

Grigorss, the fated offspring of an incestuous relationship between the high-born twins, Wiligis and Sibylla, children of the Duke, lives a life which is the summation of the mythologies of mankind. At first a foundling set adrift in a cask, he grows to chivalrous and heroic manhood. Compounding the sin of his birth by marrying his mother, he performs extravagantly superhuman penance and is finally, by divine intervention, brought to Rome to become Pope Gregory. Clearly this is not a book for the reader who likes his fiction neat and in no more than three dimensions.

The incredible tale is told by Mann through Clemens, a medieval monk in the monastery of St. Gall who believes himself to be the embodiment of the spirit of story-telling, and hence free of all the usual restraints in his choice of subject matter. Clemens sees no conflict between the sacred and profane elements of his story; the needless killing of a hunting dog moves him even more deeply than the forbidden love of brother and sister. The mechanism of a cloistered and unworldly monk as narrator is Mann's expedient for indulging whimsy and invention to the utmost. The language, befitting a monkish scribe who prides himself on his polyglot style, is an amazing hodgepodge of archaic and pseudo-archaic French, German and English, in various real and fanciful dialects, with occasional speeches in rhymed prose. The novel is technical virtuosity run riot, and one can only applaud the translator, Mrs. H. T. Lowe-Porter, who could scarcely have recovered from the demands made upon her by the monumental *Dr. Faustus.*

The Holy Sinner is sordid, fantastic, witty and miraculous by turn and simultaneously. It is an ancient legend given depth and stature by the urbanity and psychological penetration of a profound twentieth-century intelligence and presented from a deliberately anachronistic perspective which captures the flavor of the earlier time without relinquishing the projection from—rather than into—the present. Having ranged in his fiction through Oriental and Biblical traditions and mythologies, having examined all sorts and conditions of humanity, Mann has now turned to what appears to be the only area of myth and tradition left to him.

In his early short story, "The Blood of the Walsungs," Mann dealt with the incestuous relationship of twin brother and sister in an ironic commentary upon social decadence. The same theme, with deeper cultural and symbolic implications, is to be found in the later *Joseph in Egypt.* Now it is presented as the ultimate symbol of the abyss of darkness from which man must laboriously and painfully climb to reach the light. From the opposite direction the rarefied atmosphere of *The Magic Mountain* is reduced, more shockingly, it is true, but with no

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loss of values, to personal terms: Hans Castorp's dream, when he lies nearly frozen in the snowstorm, and Grigorss' state of penitential isolation, when he shrinks to the size and shape of a hedgehog, finally derive from the same idea. To Mann, sin and virtue coexist, opposing yet interdependent forces. So it is that a sinner becomes holy—though, or because, a sinner—and that man, by taking the drastic step of self-recognition (in itself often a symbolic form of expiation), learns to live with himself. In this novel Mann has synthesized triumphantly his affirmation of human values. *The Holy Sinner* is the last great step in the progression from *The Magic Mountain* through the *Joseph* novels and *Dr. Faustus.*

SIDNEY E. LIND

MOVIES

The Wretched Men

MICHAEL REDGRAVE is said by the American distributors to have accepted the role of the ailing schoolmaster, Andrew Crocker-Harris, in the screen adaptation of *The Browning Version* because of his conviction that an actor should "never repeat an easy success: always choose something difficult." If that is so, the choice was peculiar, for he can scarcely have found much challenge in the part; it was tiring, perhaps, but surely not difficult.

The Browning Version is not a play; it is a set piece for a virtuoso solo. The proof of this is that, although the dialogue and action are always dubious and often preposterous (*vide* the adulterous exchanges between the professor's wife and his junior colleague), they detract not at all from the main business at hand, which is Redgrave's dramatic monologue as the moribund Crocker-Harris.

Dramatic monologue is acting in only a limited sense; it can still be an entertaining form of expression. But the trouble with putting on the personality of Crocker-Harris is that you commit yourself to a cliché in monotone. An embittered Mr. Chips, a worm slowly turning, an invincible soul hiding in a broken body: it is all too pat, too calculated, too contemptuous, really, of the human dignity it professes to extol. It must be said that Redgrave plays it to satisfy the most discriminating matinee audience: every drooping gesture, every pathetic and protectively nasty syllable, every maudlin twitch of the emotionally paralyzed face contribute to the meticulous detail. But so much detail to so little purpose, such careful delivery of banal, implausible phrases, is waste of an actor talent. A ham might leap at the chance to add Crocker-Harris to his bag of tricks; perhaps Redgrave had the job thrust upon him.

Others in the cast are Jean Kent, Nigel Patrick, Wilfred Hyde White, Brian Smith and Ronald Howard. They are all capable and all trapped by the insincerity of Terence Rattigan's machine.

The danger in reviewing such a picture as *The Desert Fox* is that you waste too many indignant words on it. There is nothing sinister or subversive about this glorification of the late General Rommel; it was written by a soldier who still thinks that war is the most elegant game ever devised for proper sportsmen and who must therefore strive to preserve his illusions in the face of modern slaughtering methods. Brigadier Desmond Young, who devised the biography and who appears briefly in the picture as Rommel's worshipful captive, is a gallant gentleman; it is necessary for him to believe that his opponent on the field of honor held the same high principles. Hence this astonishing attempt to fit shining armor on Hitler's most efficient killer of Englishmen.

It is true, as this picture so tediously explains, that Rommel was finally enlisted in the plot to assassinate Hitler; of course that was treason, but since Hitler was interfering with the hunting and since (as Luther Adler makes clear by resorting to the crudest caricature) the Führer was no gentleman, the treachery is hardly serious. I find it ludicrous to suppose that Rommel closely resembled the swooning James Mason or that Von Rundstedt made much use of the mischievous understatement and the ironical self-depreciation handled with such relish by Leo G. Carroll. I doubt even that Sir Cedric Hardwicke is a happy choice as the scheming Lord Mayor of Stuttgart. It annoys me, in fact, to encounter these ingratiating pukka British types in Nazi roles—even Nazis who had lost faith in their leading lunatic. Brigadier Young obviously believes that a gentleman is a gentleman in any circumstances and in any company (so does Churchill, judging by the warm tribute to Rommel with which his voice closes this picture). Less sporting observers may decide that gentlemen who played along with Hitler until the jig was plainly up lost a little caste in the adventure.

The picture, by the way, is wordy and, for a suspense yarn, very slow moving. Nunnally Johnson produced it and Henry Hathaway was the director. I don't know whether they are sportsmen or just businessmen.

Another current British movie from a book is *Young Scarface*; this was Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock.* It has been widely remarked by now that Greene is a novelist who often writes adventure on the surface and horror under the skin—*Brighton Rock* was one of his most successful exercises in this genre of morbid double exposure.

As it comes out in the picture, all the adventure of the original, and much of the nastiness, are still effective, but the horror of the soul is now scarcely perceptible. That may be the fault of Richard Attenborough and his director, John Boulting. The Pinkie of the novel, whom Attenborough plays, was a child prodigy in spiritual decay; in the film he has become an unusually repulsive, but not really unusual, young spiv. By the same token, Pinkie's girl in the book was a monster of idiot goodness; Carol March plays her as a nice young girl who has fallen into bad company.

It was a difficult assignment, turning *Brighton Rock* into a movie, for what ails Pinkie is a complex of dehumanizing experiences not generally discussed in mass entertainment. He looked and acted, probably, about as Attenborough plays him; it was what he thought about that made your flesh creep and your heart contract. The result is that people who do not know the story may wonder why this gangster picture seems to have

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blanks in it and to provide so little excitement for all its compulsive violence. Hermione Baddeley is admirable as the good-hearted trollop turned avenging angel; the supporting cast is excellently colloquial.

Graham Greene is a Catholic given to pondering his religion in almost everything he writes. Nevertheless, the cute little propaganda miracle with which the picture now ends seems more the sort of thing his screen collaborator, Terence Rattigan, would think up to coat a bitter pill. At any rate, this sugary sermonette was not part of *Brighton Rock*.

ROBERT HATCH

MUSIC

Record Checklist

THE OUTPUT of records during the past year has been so great that any list of recommendations for Christmas shoppers is bound to be a wayward, personal affair. The following list and another I shall prepare later contain some of the titles I have liked best among the few hundred I have heard.

This first list is given over almost wholly to operatic records, because the chief development of the year has been the release of a large number of complete, or almost complete, operas hitherto unavailable except in snippets.

RCA Victor and Columbia records cost $4.45 for a 12-inch long-playing disc and $4.45 and $4, respectively, for a 10-inch; RCA Victor's 45-r.p.m. records are somewhat more expensive. Most other brands sell at $5.95 and $4.95 for 12- and 10-inch records. The figure given after the name of the maker indicates the number of records in the set; all records are 12-inch unless otherwise specified.

Opera

MOZART: *The Abduction from the Seraglio* (London; 3). Enchanting Mozart singing by Wilma Lipp, Emmy Loose and other Viennese artists, under the knowing direction of Josef Krips. Brilliant recording.

MOZART: *Don Giovanni* (Haydn Society; 4). An admirable cast of mixed nationalities (Mariano Stabile is the Don) in a fine performance employing the scholarly edition of the score by the Haydn Society.

MOZART: *The Magic Flute* (Columbia; 3). As close to perfection as a *Magic Flute* recording is likely to come these days. Herbert von Karajan conducts singers from the Vienna State Opera, and the recording is full and lifelike. The spoken dialogue is omitted.

MOZART: *The Marriage of Figaro* (Columbia; 3). Companion piece to *The Magic Flute*, also conducted by Karajan, with such vocal charmers as Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Irmgard Seefried, and the splendid young American bass-baritone George London.

ROSSINI: *Cenerentola* (Cetra-Soria; 3). Cinderella was a coloratura mezzo-soprano to Rossini; the difficult part he wrote for her is negotiated brilliantly by the young Italian singer Giulietta Simoniato.

PUCCINI: *Il Tabarro*; *Suor Angelica*; *Gianni Schicchi* (Cetra-Soria; 1 for each opera, boxed separately). The "triptych" of one-act operas by Puccini (a veristic melodrama; a religious-mystical tragedy for women's voices; a Florentine period comedy) shows the composer in many veins and contains some of his best music. The three recordings are superbly done by Italian singers, most of whom are quite young.

VECCHI: *L'Amfiparnaso* (Cetra-Soria; 1). A vital and marvelously beautiful pastoral madrigal-drama composed in the late Renaissance.

VERDI: *I Lombardi* (Cetra-Soria; 3). A ponderous pseudo-historical drama about the First Crusade, set to arresting early-Verdi music and sung with fine, broad projection.

VERDI: *Nabucco* (Cetra-Soria; 3). Another of the unwarrantedly neglected operas of Verdi's early career, excellently recorded and sung.

VERDI: *Rigoletto* (RCA Victor; 3). A scrupulous and honorable presentation, recorded with breathtaking verisimilitude, of a work too often treated like a potboiler. Erna Berger, Jan Peerce and Leonard Warren are in the cast.

WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger* (Urania; 6). Absolutely uncut and highly satisfactory in all musical and technical regards. Columbia promises an uncut *Meistersinger*, recorded at Bayreuth, in the next week or two. Better compare.

WAGNER: *Die Walküre*, Act III (Columbia; 2). Official recording of one of last summer's Bayreuth performances. Disappointing. Studio conditions would have provided better acoustical controls than it was possible to obtain during an actual performance in the Festspielhaus. The cast (including Astrid Varnay and Sigurd Bjoerling) is not the best imaginable (Varnay's voice wobbles constantly) and Karajan's Wagner is drier and less sympathetic than his Mozart.

WOLF: *Der Corregidor* (Urania; 3). The only opera by the lieder-composer Hugo Wolf, based on the same Alarcon story as the ballet *The Three-Cornered Hat*. A scrappy work, with echoes of Mahler and early Strauss, but with many striking passages; an adroit, amusing cast.

FUTURE RELEASES: Operatic sets scheduled for release in the next month, not yet received for review, include the following. From RCA Victor: Bizet's *Carmen* (with Risë Stevens; Fritz Reiner conducting); Verdi's *La Traviata* (from a Toscanini broadcast a few years ago). From Columbia: Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, recorded by Dimitri Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony last spring, with Eileen Farrell in the title role. From London: Bizet's *Carmen* and Massenet's *Manon*, with French singers. (N.B. —Columbia already offers a good *Carmen*, made by Opéra-Comique forces.) From Cetra-Soria: Giordano's *Fedora*; Spontini's *La Vestale*; *Verdi's Il Trovatore*, his early *Luisa Miller* and his practically unknown *Un Giorno di Regno*.

Other Vocal Records

MACK HARRELL, the best of American lieder-singers, gives a perceptive performance of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* cycle (RCA Victor; 1 10-inch).

LOTTE LEHMANN, accompanied by Bruno Walter, also sings the *Dichterliebe*, as well as Schumann's *Frauenleibe und Leben* cycle, with ripe art but somewhat faded voice (Columbia; 1 10-inch record each).

DOROTHY KIRSTEN, now a singing-actress of mature power, sings soprano excerpts from six Puccini operas, from *Manon Lescaut* to *Turandot*, with telling effect (Columbia; 1 10-inch).

JENNIE TOUREL offers capable versions of Ravel's *Chansons Madécasses* and Debussy's *Chansons de Bilitis* (Columbia; 1 10-inch).

A TREASURY OF IMMORTAL PERFORMANCES, issued by RCA Victor, consists of twelve records preserving the art of great vocalists and instrumentalists of the past. Especially noteworthy are the records devoted to operatic duets and ensembles.

CECIL SMITH

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(*Continued from page 13*)

Thus the stage was set for this year's mayoralty election. The Republicans knew that they faced certain defeat, if they went into this fight with a party hack at the head of their ticket. But where would they find a respectable citizen who would be willing to give them a new look? In this hour of despair they thought they had found the answer to their prayers in the person of the Reverend Dr. Daniel Poling, former pastor of Philadelphia's Grace Baptist Temple and New York's Marble Collegiate Church, editor of the *Christian Herald* and President of the World Christian Endeavor.

For a short time it looked as though Dr. Poling's nomination on the Republican ticket might confuse the issues and postpone the ultimate reckoning once more. He tried to rally to his banner the independent Republicans who held the key to this election by promising that he would clean up their party from the inside. At the same time, he accepted as his running mates a whole slate of party wheelhorses, handpicked by the organization leaders.

Clark and Dilworth were quick to label "the good doctor" as "the respectable cloak behind which the organization is trying to hide." Hammering away at the long history of municipal scandals, they repeated over and over again what they called the only issue in this campaign: "Is the city hall crowd fit to govern Philadelphia? If you think it is not, use the time-honored remedy of American democracy and throw the rascals out."

Poling tried first to counter this attack by shifting the field of battle away from Philadelphia. He told his audiences that this local election would have decisive influence on the outcome of next year's Presidential campaign; that if the Republicans lost in Philadelphia their chances of a national victory next year would be in dire jeopardy. With nothing to attack in his opponents' record, he started to campaign against Tammany Hall, Manhattan's crime syndicate, Brooklyn's Murder, Inc., and the Pendergast machine.

Finally, he embraced the methods of character assassination which the organization leaders had used two years ago in their abortive efforts to prevent the election of Clark as City Controller and Dilworth as City Treasurer.

Ten days before the election the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, owned by Walter H. Annenberg, and staunchly Republican, had come out for Clark and Dilworth. On the same day the *Daily Worker* had called for the defeat of Poling. From then on the Republicans campaigned almost exclusively against Annenberg, whose father had owned "a racing news empire," and against "the candidates who have the endorsement of the *Daily Worker*." Joseph McCarthy has found his match in the person of a clergyman who at the age of 66 had turned to politics.

For the nation at large it is most important to appraise carefully the meaning of the Democratic victory in Philadelphia. It is not a Democratic Party victory. The tens of thousands of Republicans who voted for the Clark-Dilworth ticket were motivated solely by the desire to clean up their city's government. This was an uprising against corrupt machine politics—not a vote of confidence in the national administration. Since 1936, the Democrats have carried Philadelphia in every Presidential election, while the Republicans continued to win every mayoralty contest. It would be foolish to assume that the Republicans could not carry Philadelphia next year because the Democrats won this year.

It is another, and a most important, step toward better municipal government in the United States. "The shame of our cities" is slowly but surely being wiped out. At the risk of harming themselves with their own regular party organization, Clark and Dilworth campaigned openly for the merit system of appointments, the elimination of political influence on the administration of the city's business and for "good government" regardless of politics. But the Declaration of Independence which Philadelphians wrote in this election has much in common with that signed there 175 years ago.

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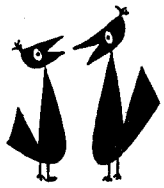

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